



A New Song, called

The Glories of Erin

AIR—“*The Exile of Erin.*”

Oh ! where are the days that our forefathers lived
In pleasure and peace upon Erin's green shore ?
Or where are the heroes that long did defend her ?
Their pride and their glory, alas ! is no more.
Beneath the cold sod her chieftains lie rotting,
That for their dear country have fought in their
gore,

Their deeds and their actions are nearly forgotten,
No wonder, dear Erin, thy glories are o'er.

In Tara's old hall, where her bards did assemble,
To sound forth the praise of the brave and the free,
There her undaunted sons made her proud foes to
tremble,

Who dared to intrude on her pure liberty.
‘Tis now lying waste, like a desert forsaken,
Her songsters are banished, her harp-strings are torn
And the bright rays of freedom for ever have va-
nished,

No wonder, poor, Erin, thy glories are o'er.
We seek for redress, in vain we petition,
For want of commerce we're obliged for to roam,
For the proud and the wealthy act as if commis-
sioned
To exterminate us from our native home.
Oh ! pride of the earth, brightest gem in the ocean
Island of saints and religion's pure lore,
Land of the brave, now the home of the stranger,
No wonder, poor Erin, thy glories are o'er.